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The Maunding Souldier:

O R,
The Fruits of Warre is Beggery.
To the tune of, *Permit me Friends.*



God your worship cast your eyes,
Upon a Souldiers miseries;
Let not my leane cheekes, I pray,
Peepe bounty from a Souldier Ray.
But like a Noble friend,
Some Silver lend,
and I will pay you in the end;
And I will pray that Fate,
May make you fortunate,
in heavenly, and in Earth's estate.

To beg I was not borne (tho' I be Sir)
And therefore blissh to make this Sir;
I neuer went from place to place,
For to divulge my twofall case:

For I am none of those
That roguing goes,
that murthering Armes their drunken blowes,
Which they haue onely got,
While they haue hang'd the Pot,
in twangling who should pay the shot.

I scorne to make comparisson,
With those of Kent-street Garrison,
That in their liues were cross the Seas,
But still at home haue li'd at ease,
Yet till they lye and sweare,
As though they were,

men I had trauel'd farre and nare,
True Souldiers company,
both teach them how to lye,
they can discourse most perfectly.



But I doe scorne such Counterfaits,
That get their meanes by base deceipts,
They learne of others to speake & catch,
At Holland they'll tell you as much,
as those that haue bin there,
shall many a yere,
and name the Townes all farre and nare,
yet they neuer went
beyond Graues-end in Kent,
but in Kent-street theye days are spent,

But in Olympicke Games haue bene,
Whereas byrns Battels I haue seene;
And where the Cannon ble to roare,
My proper speare was euermore,
the danger I haue past,
both first and last,
would make your worships selfe agast,
a thousand times I haue
ben ready for the graue,
three times I haue ben made a slaue.

Twice through the Bulke I haue been shot,
My byrnes haue boyled like a Pot:
I haue at least these dozen times,
Ben blowne by by those roguish Spines,
vnder a Barracaba
in a Wyando,
thyowing of a hand. Granada:
Oh death was very nare,
for it toke away my care,
and yet (thanks God) cham here, cham here.

6. 28.
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The second part. To the same tune.



I have upon the Seas been tane
By'th Dunkerks, for the King of Spaine,
And strip out of my garments quite,
Exchanging all for Canis white,
and in that poye aray,
for many a day,
I have been kept, till friends did pay,
a ranfome for release
and having bought my peace,
my woes againe did fresh increase,

There's no Land-service as you can name,
But I have been actor in the same,
In'th Palatinate and Bohemia,
I served many a twofull day,
at Frankendale I have,
like a Shouldier bzane,
receiv'd what welcomes Canons gave;
for the honour of England,
most stoutly did I stand.
gainst the Emperours and Spinolaes Band.

At push of Pike I lost mine eye,
At Bergen Siege I broke my thigh;
At Ostend, though I were a Lad,
I laid about me as I were mad,
Oh you would little wren,
that I had been,
an old, old Shouldier to the Queene,
but if Sir Francis Vere,
were living now and here,
hee'd tell you how I flied it there.

Since that I have been in Breda,
Besieg'd by Marquesse Spinola,
And since that made a Warlike Dance,
Both into Spaine, and into France,
and there I lost a flood
of Noble blood,
and did but very little good:
and now I home am come,
with ragges about my bumme,
God blesse you Sir, from this poye summe.

And now my case you understand,
God Sir, will you lend your helping hand,
A little thing will pleasure me,
And keepe in use your charity:
It is not Bread nor Cheese,
nor Barrell Lees,
nor any scraps of meat like these,
but I doe beg of you,
a Shilling or two,
Sweet Sir, your Purles strings undo.

I pray your worship thinke on me,
That am what I doe seeme to be,
No Roking Rascal, nor no Cheat,
But a Shouldier every way compleat,
I have wounds to show,
that prove tis so,
thou courteous good Sir, ease my woes,
and I for you will pray,
both night and day,
that your substance never may decay.

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FINIS. M.P.